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.. MARIAN ..

M. M. TEAGAR

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Yours Truly
M. M. Teague

MARIAN

A POEM

BY
M. M. TEAGAR

"Ye shall know them by their fruits."

BUFFALO
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BY M. M. TEAGAR.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

I DEDICATE

Marian

TO

IRENE EMMA

MY BELOVED WIFE

AND TO THE

NOBLE WOMEN OF MY COUNTRY

AS A

TRIBUTE TO THEIR

CHRISTIAN WORK AND LOVE.

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PART I.

CONSECRATION.

CONSECRATION.

THE night was cold. The wintry winds swept o'er
The snow-clad fields, and down the ice-glazed
street;
The busy hum of active life was hushed,
Contented with the gains that, day by day,
Had swelled the massive heaps of hoarded wealth
That greed and av'rice wrings from stricken hearts,
And forced from sleepless eyes of poverty
And squalid wretchedness and want, a tear.
The dazzling chandelier that late had lit,
With gorgeous show, the house of praise and prayer,
Is darkened, and the voice of song has ceased.
Within their homes of quiet, peace, and rest,
Repose the souls whose pious prayers were heard
Borne Heavenward for frail humanity,
The care-worn widow in her solitude—
The helpless orphan in its sore distress—
The friendless beggar—the wretched outcast,
And blessings on the human race invoked.
The stately pile, where wealth and fashion lent,
With lavish hand, their aid to mirth and song,

Is hushed in dreams of luxury and ease,
Unconscious of the suff'ring world without,
And dreaming naught of poverty and want;
And heeding less the homeless, houseless waif,
Who came to ask a pittance in the name
Of Charity, as, shiv'ring in the storm,
It stood without, turned penniless away,
With but one step between the child of want,
Sighs, destitution, beggary and tears,
And that of comfort, luxury and ease.
And as I placed within her icy hand
A sum wherewith to meet her present need,
With thanks a trifle gave she in return
By way of recompense, whereon was wrought,
In letters neat, the name of Marian;
And as she bowed and sadly turned away,
My soul soliloquized in rythmic strains:

Alas! How much is humankind
To Heaven false, to pity blind!
Though all the joys that earth could give,
Or art employ or man receive,
Though hope may swell the human heart,
And fortune still her gifts impart—
Though all that life could e'er bestow
From Heaven above or earth below,

However pleasing, winsome, fair,
Are but as bubbles blown in air,
When no kind heart has sought to cheer
The bruiséd heart, or dry a tear;
But, mersed in selfish, sordid greed,
Has spurned the helpless child in need.
'Tis but a useless, vain display,
That tempts the visions of a day,
Then quickly vanishes from sight,
And shades the restless soul in night;
A pleasant dream, that steals along
Amidst life's visionary throng,
While hope and fortune, hand in hand,
And sylph-like forms from fairy-land,
Are flitting still before our eyes,
When lo! the spectral phantom flies,
Then wakes the wistful soul from sleep,
To look upon the past and weep.

The home of luxury and ease
The sight may charm—the senses please,
And lure us on, but what are these,
With all their vain display,

Where gorgeous halls and marble floor
Are hard-wrought earnings of the poor,
And pleading still without the door
The wretched lay?

Where yet the stream of plenty flows,
How oft the hand of pleasure throws
The gilded mantle of repose
O'er fortune's downy bed;
And heirs to sumptuous bounty feed
While chilling poverty and need,
In wretchedness and hunger plead
For daily bread.

We view the world, and as we scan
Each brilliant scheme—ambitious plan—
In all the higher walks of man,
In peace or deadly strife,
Alas! How little do we know
Of all the wretchedness and woe
That living mortals undergo
In humble life.

When life's ambitious course has fled,
Go where above the illustrious dead
Yon marble column rears its head,
And o'er its surface trace
A line from life's historic page,
That tells of hero and of sage,
With all the follies of an age
That curse our race.

And while imputed virtues smile
Upon that monumental pile,
Then cast one glance beyond, the while,
Where other visions rise;
There, yielding up his humble cot
For some neglected, lonely spot,
By rich and poor alike forgot,
The Christian lies.

No sculptured granite bears his name—
No pen inscribes his guiltless fame,
Nor wicked hands consigned to shame,
His dust beneath the sod.

Yet when the spiritual minstrels swell
The Heavenly chorus, "*All is Well!*"
His virtues with his soul will dwell
In peace with God.

Hardby yon princely mansion stands
The lonely cottage where the hands
Of time have measured out its spans,
In death the beggar sleeps;
And, yielding all that life endears,
A shattered wreck of other years,
In woful poverty and tears,
The mother weeps.

No hand supports her drooping head—
No tears of sympathy are shed—
No hospitable board is spread
Within her gloomy cot.
By fate ordained to suffer, where
No friendly gift—no voice of prayer,
Or kind relief has entered there
To cheer her lot.

But when the pulse of life grows weak,
The infant brow, the furrowed cheek,
A prayerful, hopeful language speak
Of bliss in Heaven above;
When each the path of life has trod,
And ceased to feel the chastening rod,
They seek the bosom of their God
Where all is love.

Then why, when daily prayers ascend
To God the rich and poor defend,
And wealth and luxury attend
Each worldly enterprise,
In pleading tones—with shivering form,
With scarcely rags to keep it warm,
Or shield it from the wintry storm
The orphan cries?

O, Thou, the God of truth and love,
Who reigns supremely from above,
And sits alone at Mercy's gate
To guide the ruling hand of fate,
Whose every look is but a glance
Throughout creation's broad expanse;
Who notes the destiny of all—

The crush of worlds—the sparrow's fall;
O if the hand of justice can
Adjust the scales of man to man,
And o'er the shadows of the heart
The faintest ray of hope impart;
If there be Christian virture here
To drop a sympathetic tear
For all the agony and woe
That torture mortals here below;
If there be purity of thought
With honesty of purpose fraught,
Unmingled with those selfish arts
That poison honest human hearts,
And moves the hand that opes the door
To greet the rich and curse the poor,
Then why this cruel, hapless lot,
In life despised—in death forgot?
Why leave the bitter cup of grief
To torture still without relief?
O why no Christian hand to bless
The poor and needy in distress,
While poverty, neglect and hate
Thus haunt the wretched child of fate?
Alas! man's vanity and pride,
With all his greatness, must subside;

The head shall bow, the knee shall bend
To recognize one common end,
And there to God resign his trust,
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Meditation ceased. The wintry blast
Swept moaning through the leafless trees as if
A mournful cadence to the dirge of time.
Moved by the thought that bore upon my soul
With pressing weight, I turned, resolved at once
To seek the home of wretchedness and want,
And solve the mystery that slumbered there.
Groping in the deep shadows of the night,
I followed in the wake of her whose sad
Appeal fell like a pall upon my heart,
And deeply shook all trusting confidence
In Adam's race—in Christian Charity—
Deeds of benevolence and love. Cast out,
A little waif, tossed to and fro upon
The chilling tide of poverty and want—
Upon the threshold of God's temple spurned,
And empty turned away from the abode
Of princely splendor, luxury and pride,
To wander on in agony and grief
To the abode of squalid wretchedness,

Called by the sweetest name on earth, a Home.
With not a word to kindle dying hope—
No smile to lift the burden from the heart—
No sympathy to cheer the weary soul—
No hand of charity to give relief
Against the wintry storms that sweep without,
Or soothe the hearts of those who mourn within.

Directed by the pale and glimm'ring light
That struggled through the shattered window panes,
The lonely hut was reached. A voice within
Was heard, in plaintive song, low, soft and sweet,
Like angel voices far away in space,
Lisping the words of a sweet lullaby:

Sleep, my little darling, sleep;
Angels guard thy soul, and keep
Safely through the coming night—
Watching till the morning light;
Dreaming—sleeping,
In God's keeping,
Free from toiling, striving, weeping—
Pure and spotless—undefiled.
Rest, my little darling, rest
On thy mother's loving breast;

Softly press thy lips to mine;
Kiss—good-night—sweet dreams be thine.
Eyelids closing—
Sweetly dozing,
In the arms of God reposing,
Sweetly sleep, my darling child;
Good-night—good-night
Till morning light,
Sweet child,
Good-night.

The song had ceased—her cherished idol slept,
And all was still; the song had died away,
Like some sad echo in the mournful past,
On angel's breath borne on the wings of night
Before the throne of Heav'n. Softly rising,
With lines of care upon her pallid brow,
As grief still fed upon her faded cheek,
Moved by a mother's love, she sadly bent
Her wasted form above her sleeping child;
And as she gazed upon her only hope
And tie that bound her weary soul to earth
With all the passion of a mother's love,
A tear-drop fell upon the placid face,
And quivered in the pale and sickly light

Like trembling dew-drops in the morning sun.
O that some faithful gifted pen would trace
The lone sad hist'ry of a widow's tear;
Some Raphael, paint, as with a master's hand,
The depths of sorrow borne upon the heart—
The lines of care cut deeply on the brow—
The dreary solitude that weighs upon
The burthened soul: The agony that finds
Respite alone in patient fortitude,
Fed from the purest fountains of the heart;
Outline her thoughts, as, wandering in the past,
She sees her brightest hopes of early life
Beset with shades of poverty and death,
Misfortune, care and grief: For he, to whom,
In lovely womanhood, she pledged her troth,
Has passed away. The soul, on which she leaned
In confidence, fraught with inspiring hope,
Has passed beyond the tide of human tears,
And with it all her sanguine dreams of life.
Begirt with young, confiding innocence,
She looks upon the cheerless world without,
With all its cold and heartless selfishness,
And there invokes the aid of Heaven to spare
Her little ones from poverty and want,

Until the soul, relief can only find
In bitterness and tears.
A widow's tear!
The concentrated spirit of a life
Of love, of suffering and woe; hallowed
By patient toil—self-sacrificing deeds
Of care, devotion and anxiety,
And purified in helpless agonies
Of woman's heart. Welled from the soul's pure depths,
'Tis sanctified within the eye of Heaven,
And consecrated, in the name of Him
Who blessed the poor in spirit—pure in heart,
To virtue's cause—to innocence and love;
Embodiment of sorrow and despair—
Of blighted hopes deferred—unrealized,
Of long suff'ring—of agony and grief—
The heart's pure gem, that sparkles as it falls
Upon the shrine of purity and love,
A gift from Heaven to heal the bruised heart.
Such was the tear that lay upon the face
Of sleeping innocence; Fit emblem of
The pure and sinless heart for which 'twas shed,
'Twas purified from all of passion's dross,
And in the crucible of love refined.

As yet it lay upon the placid cheek,
The mother bent with anxious, saddened heart,
And kneeling down, her parching lips impressed
A burning kiss upon the childish face;
And, as she knelt beside the sleeping child,
Her fervent soul went up to Heaven in prayer:

"O merciful and everlasting God,
Who does all things aright, in Heav'n and earth—
Who marks the crush of worlds—the sparrows' fall—
The Giver of each good and perfect gift—
The Searcher of all hearts, both good and ill—
Who counsels Peace on Earth—good will to men—
The widow's lone support—the orphan's friend—
Whose promise is to all who love and serve
Thee, the meek and lowly, poor and humble,
Thy Holy name be praised—Thy will be done
On earth as it is done in Heav'n; look Thou
In kind and tender Mercy from Thy throne,
And blessings pour upon my darling child.
Take her into Thy keeping through this night;
Shield her from the storms of adversity
And misfortune; direct her infant steps
In paths of virtue, purity and love;
Mould Thou her gentle spirit to Thy will,

And lift her thoughts to Heaven and to Thee.
Spare her, O God, not for herself alone,
Or me, through selfish weakness or desire,
But for the noble work Thou hast assigned
Us in the ministrations of Thy grace,
The building of Thy holy church on earth,
And in the heart the Temple of Thy Love—
Of Peace and Joy, Ineffable—Divine.
For these, grant that her soul, her life, her all,
Be dedicated to Thy work on earth,
And consecrated to Thy holy name.
And so devote the strength that Thou hast given
To earnest Faith, Benevolence and Truth;
That her young heart be tuned in unison
With all pure thoughts—all holy impulses—
All noble and self-sacrificing deeds,
And works of Christian Charity and Love.
Teach her, O Thou, to feel another's woe—
To walk in sympathy with all mankind,
And answer to the stern demands of want,
Hunger, wretchedness, poverty and tears;
To heal the bruised heart—dry sorrow's tears—
Comfort the afflicted—apply the balm
Of Christian consolation to the soul
In the sad hour of dire extremity,

And scatter seeds of kindness in the path
Of helpless innocence and struggling grief,
To reap, as the reward of pious toil,
The prayers and blessings voiced from Christian hearts,
And gain the kind approving smile of Heaven
To crown the efforts of a well-spent life.
To Thee and these I dedicate my child;
Accept the gift—'Tis all I have to give—
And with Thy hand, just God, inscribe her name
Upon the tablets of eternal truth;
In Mercy's name, O bless my darling child,
And take her to thyself to rest at last
For Jesus sake, who died that she might live,
And Thine shall be the praise forevermore."

The prayer was done, and as she lisped, "Amen,"
She wiped the tear-drops from her weeping eyes,
And bent her gaze upon the sleeping child;
The pearly drop, that laid upon its face,
Was dried, and in its stead, as if inspired,
A sweet, angelic smile played o'er the calm
Features, and touched them up with Heavenly grace,
Sweetness and beauty. A gleam of sunshine
Rested upon the infant brow, and lit

The mild sweet features with a ray of light,
That spoke of dreams in happy fields that reached,
Far out beyond the swelling tide of tears.
The wicked, harsh and cruel world was veiled
From dreamland's verdant plains and sunny skies;
The shadow that so oft extinguished hope
That kindled in the young and tender breast,
Was brushed away beyond the realm of dreams,
Before the sunlight of a happier clime.

O land of dreams! Sweet in thy mystic light
Are the incessant views that flit across
The vision, when shut out from earthly cares,
To drain a foretaste of the world beyond.
The soul that struggles with the cares of life,
And daily bows beneath its weight of grief—
Toiling, striving for those it fondly loves,
Finds respite in thy bright Elysian fields.
Our sweetest, dearest, happiest waking thoughts
Are, in thy fairy visions reproduced,
And live in shapes of stern reality—
A sweet fruition of our sanguine hopes.
The wayworn wand'rer, as he bends his steps
To some oasis in the desert plains,
Lies down beneath its cool and grateful shades,

And, lulled to sleep by gurgling waters near,
His spirit wanders to thy realms; Sweet home,
That dearest spot on earth, he greets; With joy
He clasps his loved ones to his heart—imprints
A fervent kiss upon each brow, invokes
A blessing on each soul. The desert field—
Its glaring, burning sands—its scorching sun,
Through which his weary feet must travel still,
Are far removed from thee, as thou shalt be
In waking hours, except as memory clings
To thee in fond embrace.

The mother gazed
In silence on the quiet, gentle face,
And watched with calm solicitude and love,
The playful features, as the gleams of light,
Beaming from heart of sleeping innocence,
Gave silent utterance to joy intense,
Felt only in the presence of God's love—
An inspiration of the soul Divine,
For great and noble ends to consummate
In the advancement of life's pious work
On earth. The light of Heav'n shone brightly o'er
The calm, sweet face, as if it were to bless
And sanctify the soul within. No cares

Of life were outlined there; But in God's care
And keeping, shielded and protected from
The storms of passion, wickedness and pride,
That swept amain the busy world without,
There sat upon the serene countenance
The smile of Peace, Contentment and repose.

Brushing aside the tears that lately filled
Her sleepless eyes, the mother heaved a sigh,
And felt the weight that long upon her soul
Had borne, removed; and that the sacrifice
She offered in the person of her child,
Like that of Abraham, God's chosen one,
Was worthy and acceptable to God,
And truly pleasing in the sight of Heaven;
And so, with soul relieved, resumed her toil,
And left the child to revel in its dreams.

Moved by intense desire to learn the true
Sad history of this affecting scene,
I gently tapped the door; A voice within
Bade me enter; I asked what sad mischance
Had cast upon her heart a grief so deep—
A shade so far without the pale of hope?
In tones subdued, yet calm and sweet, she said:

"My home was once a happy one; My soul
Looked out upon the horoscope of life—
The auguries of hope were fair and bright;
In place each star shone in the cloudless sky;
And he to whom, in wedlock's holy tie,
I freely gave my hand, and pledged my troth,
Endowed me with his ample means, with which
I met my frugal wants and much to spare.
The homeless waif found welcome to our doors;
We sought the poor and helped them in their need;
We sought the widow in her humble cot—
The helpless orphan in its cheerless home,
And comfort gave to all in their distress;
And many little hearts have leaped with joy
In simple gifts we worthily bestowed,
And all of this in Christian duty bound.
That stately home, where first you met to-night
That sleeping child, was ours. We knew no want,
Save alone the crying wants of others.
At length affliction laid a heavy hand
Upon the partner of my hopes aud joys,
When death removed him hence, and we were left
To battle with the cruel world alone.
And, through the intricacies of the law,
And selfish intrigues of designing men,

Who prey upon the widow's only means,
And doom her child to beggary and want,
We scarce knew how or why, that spacious home,
Entailed upon my only child, was lost.
The little pittance, hoarded as my own,
With this poor home and rarely simple gifts,
So grudgingly bestowed, was all I had
To shield us from the grasp of beggary.
To all I now submit—His will be done;
With faith and hope I seek new life beyond,
And consecrate my all—my child to God."

Oh! What feeling is more to Heaven akin
Than a calm and Godlike resignation
Of the soul to the holy sacrifice
And consecration of an only one
To a life of toil and self-denial,
And deeds of pure benevolence and love?
Enduring all things—suffering all things
For Him, who gave His only Son to die
That we might live; True test of faith in God,
As in the off'ring made on Mount Moriah—
The evidence of love of God for man,
As witnessed in the holy sacrifice,
The piercing groans and dying agonies

Endured upon the Cross of Calvary.
So, thus resigned to God in holy trust
And confidence in His parental care,
They rest in peace.

Moved by this pious scene
Of Christian faith and virtue, far removed
From every comfort life could give or share,
And veiled from every eye save God's alone,
How vast the multitude of thoughts that crowd
Upon the mind and soul in spectral shapes,
Where conscience, void of ill toward God and man,
Sleeps sweetly 'neath the roof of poverty;
And angel forms flit ever and anon,
About the couch where age and childhood lie
Reposing in the light of Heaven's smile,
Like resignation pillowed on the lap
Of Peace. Swift thought, as with a painter's hand,
Sweeps o'er the canvass of our daily lives,
And paints in livid hues the lights and shades
That follow in the wake of human tread.
Here, in the halls of luxury and ease,
Lie those who, in their zeal of selfish greed,
Despoiled the poor of all they had, and heaped
On high their sordid gains, extorted from

The sweat and tears of poor but honest toil,
Then closed their ears to cries of poverty,
To Charity and Christian brotherhood.
Here sensual pleasures strew, with lavish hand,
Abroad the ample means that God ordained
For higher, purer, nobler, better ends;
And bloated forms of Avarice and Pride,
Sail calmly o'er the sea of human tears,
And ride upon the whirlwind of fortune,
Unmindful of the scattered wrecks of Peace
And Plenty, Happiness and Ease that lie
Strewn widely o'er their desert path below,
Condemning sorrow, penury and want
To writhe in helpless agony and grief.

'Tis thus we learn, by quiet, stealthy steps
To the abode of wretchedness and want,
The true, sad hist'ry of the widow's tear,
The orphan's cry, and agonies that steal,
With leaden weight upon the homeless waif;
'Tis thus the lessons taught in humble life,
Are traced upon the human heart and soul
In all their living colors. Drawn from life's
Realities, with stern and pressing weight,
They bear upon the pious Christian soul
With force that naught, save by the gentle hand

Of sincere love and Christian Charity,
Can e'er remove. No form of words or prayers
From sacred desk, or silken pew, to which
The poor and humble have no part or lot—
No off'rings 'neath the roof of stately homes,
Through doors of which no child of want can pass,
Can reach the throne of grace, unsanctified
By acts of kindness—tears of sympathy,
And deeds of Christian Charity and Love.

One half the world scarce knows the agony
Of fortune's stings the other half endures,
Where no kind step invades the humble home,
No cheer revives the brooding heart of care,
No hand of Christian Charity and Love
Is lain upon their lean and scanty board,
Or shields the shiv'ring form from wintry storms,
Or soothes the stricken heart in sore distress.

Sadly and quietly I went my way,
Resolved that no untimely stay of mine
Should e'er disturb their sweet and quiet rest;
And as I homeward bent, with saddened heart,
My silent way, through drifting snow and sleet,
My soul gave vent to grave and earnest thought:

Here rests two lives, whose history is that
Of thousands, written in the ink of tears,

And stereotyped in agony and woe,
Which few would see, and fewer care to know.
The lonely, sad and struggling life of those
Whose hopes lie far beyond the tide of tears;
Whose only joy rests in the life to come,
And happy consciousness of doing right;
Those lives, within whose doors no shadows pass,
Save those of sorrow, wretchedness and want.
'Tis here the bright-winged messengers of God
Find lodgment in the soul, and Faith and Hope
Look far beyond the weary cares of earth,
And refuge seek in everlasting life.
'Tis here the heart would seek, in earnest prayer,
Communion with the Prince of Peace, who blessed
The pure in heart—whose promise is to all
The faithful followers of God. And yet,
To them the world is dark; Dim shadows creep,
Like spectres o'er the rugged path of care,
And ghostly phantoms press upon the soul
A cruel weight of poverty and want.
O that the world could boast of hearts as pure
And stainless in the sight of God, as those
Who thrive upon the very tears they shed,
And ripen in the soil of humble life.
No wily schemes to nip the bud of Hope—

No steel-clad soul to blunt the edge of Faith—
No stream of wealth to quench the fires of Love—
No pride to stay the hand of Charity,
But, martyr-like, the flames of torture serve
To light the path that leads the soul to Heaven.
So, with these sad and melancholy thoughts
Graved on my heart, I laid me down to rest,
Resolved to trace these humble souls through life,
Whose only heritage on earth is tears,
And only hope, immortal life beyond.

The morning broke, bleak, cold and comfortless,
And with it broke the quiet, peaceful sleep
Of those who dwelt within that squalid home.
Another day of anxious, ceaseless toil,
Called them to meet the stern realities
That daily faced a cold and heartless world.
Yet each besought the duties of the hour—
The one intent upon her scanty meal,
The other busy with her morning task.
The meal dispatched, the mother calmly sat,
And gazed upon the features of her child,
Who looked upon the saddened face and said,
With smiles of pleasure beaming in her eyes:

"O mamma, dear mamma, I'm happy to-day,
Though dreary the morning and chill;
Though snow-drifts are heaping and choke up the way,
Though winds through our cottage now whistle and play,
And clouds are still threat'ning, dark, gloomy and gray,
My heart throbs in happiness still.

"Then mamma, dear mamma, come listen to me,
A beautiful story I'll tell,
As softly you fondle my head on your knee,
I'll tell of the wonderful beauties that be
In regions my eyes have been longing to see
Where virtue and purity dwell.

"Last night, dear mamma, when you sang me to sleep,
And tenderly kissed me good-night,
With soft, loving eyes, so accustomed to weep
O'er the pathway of life so rugged and steep,
You sang the sweet angels my spirit to keep,
And guard till the dawning of light.

" While list'ning, dear mamma, my spirit it seems
Was charmed with sweet music above;
Then I wandered away in beautiful dreams
To lands where the sunlight of happiness beams
O'er meadows and flowers, and murmuring streams,
And sweet crystal fountains of Love.

" Where never, dear mamma, is darkness or night—
No sickness or sorrow, they say,
But ever 'midst sunshine, transcendently bright,
Sweet visions of beauty, and scenes of delight,
'Neath halos of glory that ravish the sight,
Peace dwells in the presence of day.

" My soul was entranced with the beautiful scene—
My heart gathered strength as it flew
On pathways of light over meadows of green,
Enclosed all about with a silvery sheen,
As sweet-scented flowers lie scattered between,
Late freshened with glittering dew.

" Borne onward by patience, submissive and tame,
I saw the sweet home of the blest
Aglow with the brilliance of Heavenly flame,
Where voices of angels, in chorus, proclaim
A welcome to spirits, in God's Holy name,
To mansions of glory and rest.

" The angel-recorder sat thoughtfully near,
And opened his record to me;
Then spoke in kind accents, 'Come, give me thine ear;
Thy mother's last prayer in the flow of her tear
That fell on thy cheek, is registered here,
And granted in Heaven for thee.

" ' These guardian angels whose presence you see,
Will strengthen the spirit within;
Their presence, their counsel and prayers will be
A solace, a guide, and a comfort to thee—
Thy strength and support o'er the turbulent sea
Of evil, temptation and sin.

" ' First, Faith, Holy minist'ring angel of light,
Whose feet with the gospel is shod,
With God's Holy Word, she will guide thee aright;
Give heed to her counsel, submit to her might,
Whose eye alone brings to the regions of sight
The beautiful mansions of God.

" 'Next Hope, with her light ever shining before,
To quiet the spirit's unrest,
Though wildly the billows of passion may roar
With Faith for her compass she'll pilot thee o'er
Life's tempest-tossed bosom, thy vessel to moor
Secure in the harbor of rest.

" ' Next, Charity, modest, kind, gentle and meek—
The beautiful handmaid of Love,
Who carries no mantle of shame on her cheek—
Who succors the needy and strengthens the weak,
The greatest of minist'ring angels who seek
To treasure their harvests above.' "

" O mamma, so lovely and handsome was she,
Whose look was to comfort and bless,
My spirit, in transports of pleasure and glee
So sweetly enraptured, was tempted to flee
The presence of angels, dear mamma, to thee
To lighten thy soul in distress.

" She smiled with a sweetness that angels adore,
And said, as she modestly came,
' Remember the needy, the sick and the poor —
The widow and orphan who ask of thy store,
The hand is thrice blest that opens the door,
And giveth in Charity's name.

" ' Remember, dear child, in the pledges I give,
Your life shall be happy in mine ;
That all of God's creatures wherever they live,
Who ask of thy bounty shall amply receive ;
To cherish no hatred, but freely forgive,
Is Christian — is Holy — Divine.

" 'As we strive in the name of Him who has trod
The low-ground of sorrow and shame,
The servants of Peace shall bow at her nod,
While Mercy shall lighten the chastening rod,
And Love stand in waiting as sponsor to God
For pledges we give in His name.'

" Then asked the kind angel-recorder, 'Do you
God's mission now promise to fill,
With these your companions to pilot you through,
And answer your bidding, whatever you do
For suffering humanity, faithful and true?' "
My soul answered promptly, — I will.

" A chorus of angels, in music sublime,
Responded a hearty Amen ;
That swept far abroad in a Heavenly chime,
And flowed in its sweetness of cadence and rhyme
For sanctified souls, who in fullness of time,
Should visit their realms again.

" My raptures, dear mamma, I could not control,
So suddenly sprung into birth ;
I felt a new motive had entered my soul —
That life had no sorrows I would not condole —
The heart no afflictions I would not console,
To lighten the burdens of earth.

"They told me, dear mamma, our cottage, though drear,
Was dearer than palace or hall;
For God, in His Mercy would dwell with us here,
And minist'ring angels, still hovering near,
Would comfort the soul, that in meekness and fear,
Responds to humanity's call.

"And this is what lightens my spirit to-day;
Then let not thy spirit despond;
Though cold winds of sorrow may whistle and play,
The sky of the future be murky and gray,
And snow-drifts of fortune may choke up the way,
God's Love is still shining beyond.

"My life and its duties, dear mamma, are plain,
Though heavy the cross I may bear,
God's Holy commission resolved to sustain,
Whatever the suff'ring, the anguish or pain,
That angels may welcome my spirit again
To rest in the glories they share."

The mother's heart welled up in tears of joy,
That spoke of peace with God, and felt her prayers
Had met acceptance in the sight of Heaven.
That though the world might frown in cold neglect,

And mock her in the sight of poverty ;
That though life's sensual comforts be withheld
By hearts and hands more able to bestow—
That through no agency had Charity
E'er crossed the threshold of her humble home,
Though all about sat plenty and to spare,
Her soul rejoiced in treasures far more dear
Than all that earth could give—sweet treasures stored
Within the sacred precincts of the heart,
And conscience void of all offense toward God
And man, looking with hope to Him alone,
Who guides all things aright, for her reward.
That while the world might sacrifice the soul,
Without remorse, to selfish lust and greed,
She offered all she had—her only child,
In sacrifice to God, that He, through her,
The thorns remove that choke life's narrow way,
And smooth the path her humble feet had trod,
For those far less deserving than her own.
And so she felt far happier in her cot,
Reposing in the light of Heaven's smile,
Than those who dwelt in stately palace halls,
With hearts estranged from God and pious deeds,
On which no ray of Heavenly sunshine lends
Its genial warmth,—no angel wings to fan
The restless soul to sweet and quiet sleep.

The child, with resolution far beyond
Its years, and smiling countenance that glowed
As if inspired, looked on the mother's face,
And read the cherished secret of her heart,
Then said:

"I feel my life is not my own;
That all I am and all I have to give,
Is dedicated to God's Holy work
Of pious acts and deeds of charity.
To these I shall devote my all; to them
My soul is pledged in dreams, and now I know
The sacred vow is registered in Heaven;
And by the help of those who pledged to give
Support in every trying hour of need,
I will, when God shall please to give me strength
Of womanhood, redeem those sacred vows.
Till then, my feet must tread the beaten path
We long have trod 'midst poverty and tears.
And bitter though the school may be in which
My heart, by sad experience taught, shall learn
How deep the lips of others may have drank
Of that same cup from which both you and I
So oft have drank, e'en to its lowest dregs,
And oft may drink again; that lesson now

I am resolved to take, that sympathy
May harmonize the melody of love,
And that the open hand of Charity
May reach to all who most may feel her need."

Though these were words of years far more
mature,
They were the tongue of inspiration, voiced
From heart and soul of budding womanhood,
Imbued with sentiments of love Divine,
Refined and purified from all the dross
Of human passion, arrogance and pride,
And moulded by the plastic hand of God
To minister to suff'ring souls of earth
Sweet consolation in the hour of need.

'Tis thus, in humble life, that nature moulds
The instruments, with which great ends are won.
Familiar with the lower walks of life,
They seek to purify the fountain source
Of moral virtue ere it reach the tide
Of social, moral and domestic life;
And so with waters running fresh and pure,
It mingles with the flooding stream of life
To purify its tainted breath, ere yet
It joins the ocean of eternity.

The meek and lowly one of Nazareth,
Who came to earth and laid upon His head
The burdens of a sin-cursed, fallen race,
And sacrificed himself upon the cross
That we, through Him might have eternal life,
Chose, for His ministry of Peace and Love,
The humble fishermen of Galilee;
Whose honest hearts were free from moral taint,
And no ambitious schemes, or selfish aims
That crowd the walks of so-called higher life,
Found place or refuge in their humble breasts.
Divinely called, through Faith, to them was given,
In Holy trust, commission from on High
To preach salvation to a dying world.
By them the crystal springs of hope were stirred,
And waters of eternal life flowed free
To all who were athirst. Inspired of God,
And with a Faith, no powers of earth could shake,
They, God's commission bore through flood and flame,
While persecution followed in their wake,
Their souls amidst triumphant songs of joy,
Were borne aloft to meet their just reward.

Alas! 'Tis not from halls of pompous wealth,
Or stately homes, where avarice and pride
Hold carnival instead of pious prayer,
The Holy messengers of God are called;
Nor from the home of selfish greed and lust
The ministers of Charity are found;
But from the humble, pious, pure in heart,
Whose lives have felt the touch of penury,
And through their lives have learned to sympathize
With poverty and human suffering;
Those who esteem the wealth which they enjoy
As simply means with which to scatter seeds
Of happiness to those, whose lot in life
Has been less favored than their own; and so
Lay up a fruitful store of happiness
Beyond the grave, wherein the soul, at last,
Finds consolation in a well spent life.

Here, in the morning flush of early life,
Who could but see the seeds of firm resolve
Imbedded deeply in the heart and soul
Of one whose own sad life had sown them there;
Whose tears, like dews, fell on the dormant germ,
And gave it life. Whose sighs like breath of Spring,

Gave strength and vigor to the opening bud
That soon should bloom and bear the rip'ning fruit
Of Charity, Benevolence and Love.

Who fitted more for such a noble work
Than she? Whose life has farther been removed
Than hers from halls of indolence and ease?
Whose mind more free from all the studied arts
That pompous pride and fashion could invent?
Whose soul less gorged with dregs of social life;
Whose heart less schooled in all that constitutes
The idle train of current vice and sin,
Where dissipation, unrebuked, stalks forth
By night and day, to join the giddy throng
Of revelry, called social mirth and life?

Thrice armed, as with the panoply of Heaven,
She now resumed her daily path in life,
With meekness, patience, fortitude and love.
Each coming day drags slowly on, and brings
Its weight of toil and anxious care; each night
Brings peaceful rest, and with it sweet repose,
Sustained by conscious innocence and love.

So, with abiding, earnest Faith in God
And all His promises, did Marian give
Acceptance to the humble sacrifice
And consecration of her life and soul
To pious deeds of Christian Charity,
And bear upon the standard of the Cross
Faith, Mercy, Peace, Benevolence and Love.

FAITH.

O boundless Faith, with Love Divine,
  Far out beyond the tide of years,
Thy purest Christian virtues shine
  Above the crystal fount of tears.

As unalloyed with passion's dross,
  Though veiled from erring mortal's eyes,
She looks up to the wondrous cross
  For peace and rest beyond the skies.

Though dark the vale through which she leads
  The soul, now ready to despond,
As fear upon its courage feeds,
  The sun of glory shines beyond.

She lights the latent fires of love—
  With patience braves the chast'ning rod,
And turns our worldly thoughts above,
  To lead the soul to Heaven and God.

She smooths the rugged path of life—
  Revives the brooding soul of care—
Becalms the sea of earthly strife,
  And lifts the burden of despair.

And groping on, through darkness led,
  To realms no mortal eye can see,
She feeds the hungry soul with bread
  Of Life and Immortality.

Without her gentle hand to guide,
  Life has no object, end or aim
Beyond a selfish worldly pride
  That ends in death, remorse and shame;

No strengthening hope beyond the grave
  To nerve the restless spirit on;
No hand to help—no power to save,
  When life has fled and Mercy gone.

In God's eternal Word proclaimed,
  To Life assured—to Hope endeared,
Upon this rock, divinely framed,
  Christ's Holy Church on earth is reared.

Through Abraham, and in his seed,
The nations of the earth were blest;
Through Faith in God, by Heaven decreed,
The soul must seek eternal rest.

That soul, well grounded with belief
In God and His redeeming Love,
May look through beggary and grief
To fruitful fields of bliss above.

Reposing in His tender care—
Confiding, trusting in His Grace,
Behind the darkness of despair
Still beams His kindly smiling face.

O Faith Divine! It is in thee
We find God's Holy promise given,
And through thine eye alone we see
The path that leads the soul to Heaven.

PART II.

THE STRUGGLE.

THE STRUGGLE.

However calm the sweet and peaceful rest
The soul enjoys in conscious innocence,
And Christiah purity in mind and thought,
Yet day and night each other must succeed,
And lights and shadows flit across our path;
Now kindling up a ray of glimmering hope,
Now leaving all in darkness as before.
And yet the soul that rests in confidence
In God's redeeming love, looks through the eye
Of Faith and Hope to brighter skies beyond,
And calmly struggles with the world's unrest,
Content with earth's misfortunes to contend,
And mast'ry gain by unremitting toil
Through Christian Patience, Fortitude and Love;
Still struggling through the night to reach the dawn,
And stormy seas to clearer sunlit skies.
To those who wear about the heart and soul
The talisman of Love and Faith and Hope,
Trusting in Him who guides their steps aright,
God's Light Divine gleams brighter on their path,
To guide them o'er the rugged steeps of life.

And so the days and nights had passed and left
Alternate light and shade on Marian's path,
Till winter ceased to cast his whitened locks
And icy breath upon the lap of Spring,
Or lay his hand upon the bruised heart;
And, as he sought again his northern home,
All nature hailed once more returning Spring,
Blooming and bright in all her loveliness.
The feathered songsters warbled in the groves,
And wood and meadow teemed in echoes sweet,
With life and song, voiced from a thousand throats.
Sweet flowers cast their fragrance on the breath
Of morn, and nature smiled in calm repose
Beneath the soft and genial rays of Heaven.
The babbling brook that found its winding way
Through grove and glen 'neath canopy of green,
Laughed in the sunlight's struggling beams that peeped
'Tween parted leaves, as if to steal a kiss
From dimpled face of virgin purity,
Ere yet it joined the turbid stream beyond.
On hilly slope, arrayed in velvet green,
Besprinkled with the gems of sparkling dew,
And sweetened by the perfumed breath of Spring,
Grazed quietly the lazy, listless fold,

While o'er some rugged knoll or grassy mound
Near by, the lambkins skipped in playful glee.
Far out upon the distant landscape hung
A soft and dreamy haze, borrowed alike
From earth and sky, tempered with golden light.
Amidst the deeper shades of forest green
Is thrown the gauzy tints of azure hue,
Like some sweet dream of romance cast upon
The darker background shades of real life.
O cheerful, happy Spring! As we pass through
The fleeting year, how typical of life.
Our hearts rejoice in childhood's early Spring—
We ripen in the Summer of our prime
We bow beneath the Autumn of decay,
And fall beneath the chill of Winter's breath.

Far out beyond the limits of the town,
Upon a quiet, gentle woodland slope,
Where nature smiled in all her loveliness,
A little unpretending cottage stood;
A sward of green sloped eastward from the door,
Along the foot of which a brooklet played
In mimic waves across the pebbled shoal,
Or eddyed in the tall rank grass that grew
Upon the little marsh below.

On such
A morn to such a home, the tender voice
Of love and duty summoned Marian
Beside the humble couch of Ellen Gray,
Her only friend through all her childhood's years;
Trained in the same poor humble walks of life,
Their hearts had learned to beat in unison
In all that went to make their young lives share
The petty joys that childhood's innocence
Bestows, ere yet they're called upon to meet
Life's stern realities, and scale alone
The rugged path that lies beyond. To them
The song of birds was sweet; the prattling brook
Was music to their ears; the tangled vines,
That hung in matted folds above their heads,
Disturbed by none except the scented breeze,
Or warbling voice of forest songster, formed
A soft, rich canopy, beneath whose shades
They built their little rustic house, and played,
In childish sport, the mimic role of life.
Naught dreamed they of the agony and tears
That soon must fall to their unhappy lot.
Forgetting, for the time, the many wants
That daily crowd upon their stinted homes—
The calm solicitude of prayerful hearts

That daily went to God for those who must,
Alone and friendless, face to face, confront
The messengers of poverty and want,
The leisure hours of childhood's days were passed,
As oft as each, with loving purpose, gained
Respite from stern demands of poverty.

Not so the pious mission of to-day;
A sadness brooded o'er the heart and soul
Of her whose footsteps sped upon the path
That led to Ellen's home. The tender heart
Went out with sad forebodings that ere long
The mystic veil, that hid her future life,
Would be removed so far as that she might
Catch one faint glimpse of what must lie beyond.
With these sad thoughts still brooding in her mind,
The cottage door was reached. She raised the latch,
And entered with a soft and gentle tread;
For Ellen slept; and save her breathing deep,
All was as still and silent as the grave.
Near by her couch, the mother sat alone,
With care-worn brow and anxious countenance,
Gazing calmly upon her sleeping child;
Watching—waiting—with deep solicitude
For her who was her only hope in life.

A whisper breathed in anxious inquiry,
Awoke the sleeping girl. Her large blue eyes,
With sudden, nervous stare, now fell upon
The genial, kind and sympathetic face
Of her beloved and cherished friend. A smile
Passed o'er the wan, pale face; a fevered flush
One moment lit her cheeks, then passed away;
She reached her hand as oft in other days,
When hand in hand they climbed, in childish sport,
The little steep that overlooked her home.
So, Marian took the proffered hand in hers,
And stood beside the couch, and, ere she spoke,
Impressed a kiss upon the parched lips;
And, as a shade of sorrow crossed her face,
With eyes that spoke the feeling of her soul,
She firmly clasped her hands across her breast,
And looked to Heaven, as if in silent prayer.
This done she said:

"I'm sad to see you thus,
And I to know it not until so late.
I've gathered from my mother's scanty means,
And brought such comforts as I thought would serve
Your present needs. I would I could do more;

Of what we have you must accept a share.
God, in His Providence, will furnish more.
So take them—they are thine, and question not."

With lustrous eyes, beaming with gratitude,
She gazed on Marian's face as if to read
In it the very secret of her soul,
And with a smile upon her face replied:

"May Heaven bless your kind and gentle soul,
My dearest, best, and only friend, save one
Whose hand has led me through my childhood's years.
Although our lot is hard, my life, so far,
Has been a cheerful one; I often strove
To be a friend, and kind, to all, and yet,
Of all whom I have known, none, save yourself,
Would share with me my childish sports or give
A word of love—a friendly, welcome smile;
My steps they shunned as from a serpent's coil;
I knew not why; it was no fault of mine;
Of all their little gifts I had no share;
Their merry sports were free to all save me;
No birthday feté found me a welcome guest;
In social halls, 'midst gaiety and mirth,

No voice of mine was heard; no vacant chair
Was placed for me about the festal board.
Though Christmas came and went, with all its cheer,
And merriment a thousand hearts inspired,
While lavish gifts were strewn on every hand,
My heart was desolate—no gifts were mine.
How oft my soul has craved but one kind word—
One tender look—one sweet and loving smile
To cause my longing heart to leap with joy,
And fly away, in happy dreams, to feed
Upon one morsel of unselfish love.
When hunger crossed the threshold of our home,
And drove me hence, through crowded lane and street,
To beg wherewith to make a scanty meal,
I sought the homes of wealth—no comfort there:
I traversed all the busy marts of trade—
All ears were deaf to my appeal. In vain
I plead my mother's poverty and want;
No words could touch the selfish heart of greed—
No pity reach the sordid soul of wealth.
The gloom that shadowed o'er our humble home
Preyed now incessantly upon my mind,
And so, between our hunger and despair,
I fell a prey to sickness and disease,

In which I languished as you see me now.
Until to-day no friendly foot has passed
Our door. No smile of Charity has lent
Its comfort to our home. But Heaven's will,
Not mine be done."

Her story told, she ceased—
Her lips were closed—Her eyes were filled with tears,
Not of anguish, but gratitude and love
For her from whom her hungry soul received
Substantial comfort in the hour of need.
As still she gazed, in listless quietude,
On Marian's face, as if to bathe her soul
Deep in the crystal fountains of her love,
And feed upon the kindness of her heart,
Her countenance gave utterance to words,
By far, more eloquent than tongue could speak.

While Marian gave a close, attentive ear
Her heart alone responded to each sad
Recital as it fell from trembling lips.
Her own young life's experience had taught
Her heart too well the story she had heard;
And, kindly looking into Ellen's face,
With calm solicitude, replied:

"Ellen,
I know full well the feeling of your heart;
Our lives have been too much in sympathy—
Too often have we drank from that same cup,
And drained it to its dregs of bitterness;
And sad experience has taught mine eyes
To read the story of your life in mine;
But oh! dear girl, remember God is just;
When others fail He is the orphan's friend;
His word alone can heal the bruised heart;
His arm alone support the weary soul;
He notes the sparrow's fall; His promise is
To all who put their faith and trust in Him.
For He our shepherd is; we shall not want;
He maketh us to lie in pastures green,
And leadeth us beside the waters still;
And though we walk the valley shades of death,
No evil shall we fear; He is with us;
His rod and staff will comfort us; His hand
Will strengthen us when waning hope shall fail;
He is the father of the fatherless—
Their helper in the trying hour of need;
For them, in Him, is promised mercy found.
To visit them in sickness and distress,
With souls unspotted from the tainted world,

Is true religion, pure and undefiled.
The heartless world may frown upon the poor—
Turn deaf ears to the piteous cries of want—
Close doors against appeals of charity—
And drive the homeless waif upon the street
Without relief, to meet the wintry storm;
Humiliate the soul that seeks one smile—
But one kind word—one sweet endearing kiss,
And suffer hunger, sorrow and distress,
Without restraint, to prey with fiendish greed
Upon the helpless child of poverty.
Yet, God is just; His word can never fail;
His promise is to them who are afar;
The poor He'll not forget, nor quench their hope;
He stands at their right hand to bless and save;
Their right will He maintain—their cause defend;
He chose the poor His ministers on earth;
He blessed the poor, and made them heirs to
Heaven.
We, then, are not without our God and hope;
He chastens those on whom He sheds His love.
With these dear promises, what need we fear?
With love to God, and faith in Christ His Son,
Firm as the rock on which He built His church,
The toils of life are but a passing cloud

Beneath the sunlight of eternal bliss.
Trust in His Providence—be strong of heart
Till I return, for I must leave thee now;
To-morrow you will see me here again;
Till then, Good-bye."

Again she stooped and kissed
The fevered lips, then gave her parting wish,
And soon was gone.

And so the days sped by;
With each the tide of life ebbed slowly out;
Each day and night found Marian at her side,
Sweet words of comfort whisp'ring in her ear.
Now Ellen, conscious that the end was near,
Took Marian's hand in hers and calmly said:

"I had resolved our paths should be as one
So long as life should serve us both; but now
I feel that I must leave you soon to strive
Alone amidst the chafing world's unrest,
While I am only called to go before
To greet you hearty welcome when you come.
Your work of love I once had hoped to share,
And, with you, give my life to pious deeds

Of love and Charity. But God has called
Me hence, and now His call I must obey;
But ere I go I've one request to make,
An only one,—that you will come and cheer
My aged mother in her loneliness;
For sad will be her life when I am gone;
Cheer her, and God will bless thee in the deed."

Marian gently pressed the hand she held,
And gave her pledge. The mother came and sat
Upon the couch beside her dying child,
And, with a grief none but a mother feels,
She asked:

"My child, are you afraid to die?"
Ellen looked calmly on her mother's face,
And, with a sweet triumphant smile that spoke
Of earnest faith and trust in God, replied:
"No, no, dear mamma, God will care for me."
The mother's feelings found their vent in prayer,
When Ellen clasped her hands upon her breast,
Invoked God's blessing on her dear mamma—
On Marian, her dearest friend—the sick,
The aged and the poor—the homeles waif—
The orphan child, the needy and distressed.

She ceased; her head upon the pillow sank,
As steadily her lamp of life went out.
One moment, and the flick'ring flame grew bright,
And upward from the empty socket leaped,
As if the hand of inspiration would
Reveal to life some mystery beyond;
She raised her head, and, looking Heavenward,
As if she caught a glimpse of angel forms,
Waiting to bear her spirit home to rest,
Exclaimed, "I see"—but ere the sentence closed
She sank again, and sweetly breathed her last;
And so the soul went out upon the night,
Upborne on angel's wings to realms of bliss,
And found its peace with God.

The mother's heart
Was stirred within its depths. Grief sat upon
Her countenance, the spectre of despair,
Portrayed upon the face of dying hope.
The last strong link that bound to earth her soul
Was snapped in twain. The last of earthly light
That theretofore had shone upon her path,
Was lost to sight, and darkness covered all.
Yet, with the eye of Faith she looked beyond

The dark and unknown myteries of death,
And saw the anchor of her Christian hope
Cast in the harbor of eternal rest.

With all the zeal that young life could inspire
In this, her first essay upon her work
Of pious acts of Christian charity,
Marian performed the last sad offices
The living on the dead can e'er bestow.
And so it was that all that now remained
To earth of Ellen Gray was lain at rest
Within the quiet little churchyard near,
By those whose lives were humble as her own.
The tears that fell upon her lonely grave
Were drops distilled from fountains of the heart—
The offspring of a pure and tender love.
Though satisfied with all she said and did
To ease the soul upon its flight beyond
The shades of death, a gloomy sadness weighed
Upon the heart of Marian. The cup
From which she sipped her only joy in life,
Was dashed in broken fragments at her feet.
The tempting fruit of which she thought to feed
Her soul, had turned to ashes on her lips,
And she was left to struggle on through life,

Her soul still thirsting for one draught of love
From fountains of a sympathetic heart.
But, in the school of adverse fortune reared
From infancy, and nursed in poverty,
While peace and plenty smiled on all around,
Her brave heart rose above the pressing weight
That bore upon her soul, and so she plied
Her humble task with fortitude and zeal.

These last sad rites performed, then Marian bent
Above the little mound, and at its head,
Deep in the freshened soil, she set with care
A bunch of violets, and at the foot,
Likewise the lily of the valley placed;
Fit emblems of the humble life of her
Who slept beneath—the fittest earthly type
Of modest love and purity of soul.
This done she took the weeping mother's hand,
And with assurances of sympathy,
She, whispered words of consolation, gave,
As hand in hand they took the path they came,
Until they reached again the cheerless home.

Alas! How sad the melancholy void
That broods within the widow's lonely home,

Where late the icy chill of death was felt,
And, passing out, has left his shadow there,
And, with remorseless spirit, borne away
The last remaining treasure of the heart.
Dim shadows dance upon the lighted hearth—
Sad mem'ries hover o'er the vacant couch,
And over all a painful silence steals,
Where late was heard the merry voice of song.
In vain we listen for the sylvan notes
That caroled to the little babbling brook,
Or chimed in chorus to the woodland song.
A vacant chair stands near the ev'ning fire;
One face is missed around the family board;
A void is felt, no mortal power can fill;
A sense of loneliness amidst our friends,
That seldom words of comfort can remove.

Such was the burden of the widow's heart,
With none save one, to cheer her solitude.
A sigh of grief gave ut'rance to her soul,
As Marian sat in deep and solemn thought,
And looked upon the saddened face and said:

"In this sad Providence, I feel you've lost
An only child, and I, an only friend,
Whose years and hopes were consonant with mine.

Yet, ours must be to bear and suffer still;
The ways of God are higher than our ways,
And in the end He does all things aright.
In this affliction, we may see His hand
As oft He lays His weight on those He loves;
I feel my sorest weight is yet to come;
That I must tread alone the vale of tears,
Ere yet He calls my restless spirit home;
But you, whose race is now so nearly run,
Through Faith can see your rest is near at hand.
Keep the Faith—He is good; His mercy lives;
Cheer up; mourn not as one who has no hope;
'Twill not be long; He soon will call thee home,
To greet again the one you loved and lost.
Up there all tears are dried—all sorrows healed;
The pure in heart will reap their just reward;
No lines will there be drawn; the rich and poor
Will share God's bounties as they may deserve,
And each alike are judged with equity.
'Tis written in the holy book of life:
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord
Henceforth; that from their labors they may rest,
And their works do follow them. Be of cheer;
The world is not so dark as we would have
It be. The soul, exempt from all the stain

That taints the purer atmosphere of life,
Need fear no ill whatever may betide.
Our passage o'er the dreaded stream of death,
Is but a step to everlasting life.
Your loving child, whose form our hands have lain
'Neath yonder mound, has furnished you and me
A symbol of the blest and pure in heart—
A guide by which our souls may find their peace
With God. So young, so beautiful and fair,
So full of life, of gaiety and love,
And yet cast off from every social tie,
By those who might have smoothed her rugged path;
Humiliated in her thirst for love,
And spurned in all her efforts to be kind,
Her soul, upon the very tears she shed,
Grew strong. Her heart, though stung by sorest grief,
Fanned all the latent fires of love it sought
To kindle in the hearts of those she fain
Would have inspired with love in her behalf.
And spurning all the scoffing world's neglect,
She turned her face in confidence to God—
Bore all with patience far beyond her years,
Resolved to seek, with fortitude, solace
In her own heart, and in the smile of Heaven.

What though the world may boast of hoarded
wealth,
And heap on high its stores of sordid gold,
Proclaim their faith, and speak with angels' tongues,
Without a faithful, earnest love to God,
And Christian charity toward all mankind,
They're but a sounding brass; their hope is vain.
Again cheer up; cast all your hope beyond;
Seek consolation through the grace of God,
And faith in Him who blessed the pure in heart.
So now, good-bye; I'll see thee oft again."

And saying thus, she kissed the thin, pale face,
O'er which a pleasing smile of comfort passed,
In which the watchful eyes of Marian saw,
The seeds of love she'd sown, had taken root
In fertile soil, to yield an hundred-fold.
And so the months moved on; still Marian gave
To deeds of Charity and love such time
And means as her poor lot in life could spare,
Nor once forgot her pledge to Ellen Gray,
To cheer her mother in her loneliness.
Though mean and scanty was her humble store,
Of what she had the poor received a part,
And bore the truth that God had blessed the gift.

The orphan found in her a friend sincere;
The widow, words of gentleness and love;
The sorrowing heart a sympathetic tear;
And so to all of these she freely gave.
Despoiled of all she had of this world's goods,
These treasures of her heart were all she had
Herself to give. Of these she freely gave;
And so her cup of love was never drained,
However deep the frequent draughts she made.

But God, as if to render still more pure
The instruments through which His work is done,
Lays yet again the burden of the cross
Upon the souls of those who love Him most.
The shadow that had passed before her eyes,
And settled like a pall upon her heart,
With sad forebodings of some future ill,
Borne on the wings of stern reality,
Came rushing on her path. The test by which
Her fitness for God's holy work of love
On earth must soon depend, was near at hand.
Borne down beneath the steady weight of care,
And struggling in the depths of poverty,
Marian's mother languished on her couch,
A prey to hopeless illness and decline;
Her life, for weeks, hung by a slender thread,

That weakened with the tension of each day,
And promised soon to snap in twain. At length
She calmly looked on Marian's face and said:

"Dear child, my sands of life are nearly run;
I feel the chill of death upon my heart;
His icy hand is lain upon my brow;
You soon must walk the path of life alone;
No friendly hand to guide thy wandering steps,
No kindly voice to whisper words of cheer;
But O remember, though the world forsake,
Though cold neglect shall weigh thy spirit down,
Though pride may turn thee empty from her doors,
That God is just; His promise He'll perform;
Look then to Him for help in time of need;
My prayer for thee is registered in Heaven;
Thy life is consecrated to His work;
With patience, faithful be in its discharge;
With love, thy sponsor at the throne of grace,
And steadfast zeal, and earnest faith in God,
Redeem the sacred pledge she gave for thee.
Be good—be kind—be generous and just;
Return not evil for evil, but good
That when thy work on earth is done, our souls
Shall be united in the world beyond."

Thus having said she slept in peace. Marian,
Beside her mother's couch, watched day and night,
Applying every means within her skill
To stay the hand that sought to wreck her home,
And leave a shade upon the trackless void;
But all in vain. The silver cord was loosed;
The spirit left its tenement of clay,
Relieved from all the sufferings of earth,
And sought its home again with Him who gave,
Where all is peace and happiness and love.
No witness there, save Marian alone,
To testify to her unswerving faith
In God and all His precious promises.

Alas! How sad the melancholy thought,
That she, who in her years of competence,
Bestowed her charity with generous hand
On all alike who sought it at her door;
Whose soul was stirred with love for humankind,
And tuned in sympathy with human ills,
Whose only crime was that of being poor,
Should, in her days of poverty and want,
Be left to struggle with the world alone,
Neglected, spurned by those, who most could give
Relief against the stings of poverty.

Of all of those who sought in other days
To court the favor of her gen'rous heart,
None came to sit beside her humble couch ;
None came to look upon her dying face ;
None deigned to grant or offer simple cheer ;
None came to smoothe her pillow in the hour
Of death, or Christian consolation give.
Yet Marian watched, through all these painful hours,
With faithful, earnest, deep solicitude,
The ebbing tide as it went out upon
The ocean of eternity.
Deep grief
Now dwelt upon the heart of Marian,
And yet she faltered not. Nursed in the lap
Of penury and want, reared in the school
Of grief and suffering, she bore her cross
With Christian patience, fortitude and love.
Brushing aside her tears when duty called,
And seeing all that stern necessity required,
She rose above the weakness of the hour
And with the remnant left with which to shield,
But for a time herself from beggary,
The means she found for decent burial.
Simple as was the life her mother led,
The last sad ceremony was performed.

No funeral train, no costly pageant bore
The humble corse to final peace and rest ;
But, by the hands of those who once had been
Recipients of bounties at her hands,
When fortune blessed her with the means to give,
Her form was lowered in its narrow vault.
Ashes to ashes, earth to earth, and dust
To dust, escaped the pious sexton's lips,
As falls the clods upon the coffin lid,
Like echoes from the voice of dying hope.
A hollow sound that falls upon the ear,
And wrings a wail of grief from stricken hearts ;
The voice of vict'ry echoed from the grave
In triumph over frail mortality ;
A warning voice that leaves upon the mind
A deep impress, that time cannot efface.
And yet the soul, bereft of all it loves,
Is left to see, through eyes of earnest faith,
A glorious hope beyond the grave, where dwell
The heirs to life and immortality ;
Who, in their turn, have triumphed over death,
And robbed the grave of boasted victory.
Yet those there are, who walk in brighter paths,
With genial friends, whose kind and gentle words,
In time, will reconcile the sorrowing heart,

And cheer it in the social walks of life,
Where gaiety, festivity and song,
From mem'ry veils the shadows of the past.

Though strong of heart and will, it were not so
With Marian, who bore her grief alone;
In solitude it sat upon her heart;
A silent sadness brooded o'er her soul;
Dark shadows bore upon her lonely path;
Desolation filled her cheerless home;
The eye of want leered on her scanty store;
The world without was comfortless and chill;
No friendly hand was there to give her cheer;
No kindly voice sweet words of comfort give;
Those who before responded to her call,
Were gone beyond the tide of human tears,
And her frail barque went down, and she was cast
A waif upon the stormy sea of life.
Alone she pondered o'er the dreary past;
Peered in the future with an eye of dread.
Upon her own resources cast, her path
Was darkened by the shadows of distrust.
Without a hand, her earthly course to guide,
By which to earn a scanty livelihood,
She saw no path save that of beggary.

Her only friends, on whom she had bestowed
Her kindly deeds of charity and love,
Were helpless, poor and needy as herself,
And in her agonies of grief she said:

"O sad and lonely, thus to be alone!
Cast out upon the world in early life,
To struggle with misfortune, poverty,
And grief, with none to cool my fevered brow;
No friendly voice to cheer my saddened heart;
No means with which to meet my daily wants;
No loving soul on which my heart can lean
In confidence for comfort and repose.
I stand alone amidst the multitude
That throng the crowded walks of daily life;
Where plenty smiles, I plead for daily bread;
Where vows are pledged in tender passion's name,
I seek, in vain, one draught to quench my thirst,
Of waters pure from crystal founts of love,
That flow in other hearts beside my own.
Whatever hope the future may inspire
Of happiness beyond the grave, in which
The soul may find repose, this life demands
Relief at least from suffering and want.
But be it so; I put my trust in God,

Whose ways are far above our ways, and just;
Whose promise is to all who do His will;
Who blessed the poor in spirit—pure in heart,
And comfort gives in every hour of need;
And He who answers to the ravens cry,
And manna gave to feed His chosen ones,
Will grant, each day, my prayer for daily bread,
And bless the hand, moved by the will to do,
And gain by honest toil wherewith to live.
Since first the curse went forth from Eden's bow'rs
That man should earn by sweat and toil his bread,
No smile of Heav'n the idle hand has blest:
In this as well, my feeble hands must strive
To do His will; and so by toiling earn
Wherewith the stern demands of life to meet.

Thus having said, she knelt beside her couch,
And resting thus unbounded faith in God,
His promises and kind protecting care,
Through all the paths of life's vicissitudes,
She refuge sought in humble, earnest prayer,
As was her mother's wont in days gone by.
And so she prayed to God, the orphan's friend—
A loving father of the fatherless—
Her only help in every time of need,

To give her strength to bear her painful cross,
In consummation of the vow she made
To give her life to God and pious work.
To light her path, wherever duty leads,
With truth divine, and wisdom from on High ;
That Love, who stood as sponsor for the pledge
She gave to God, His mission to fulfill,
Inspire her soul with charity for all,
The rich, the poor, forsaken and despised,
That she might be the humble instrument,
By which no child should share her hapless lot,
But refuge find within some cheerful home,
Secure from want, temptation, sin and vice ;
And grow to noble man and womanhood,
With hearts imbued with Christian faith and love ;
And that the cause to which her soul was pledged,
And work to which she consecrated all,
Might, in the Providence of God succeed.

And having thus relieved her soul in prayer,
The burthen fell that weighed upon her heart,
And Hope, through eyes of Faith sincere, shone bright,
Beyond the vale of tears. Resolved anew
To look upon the brighter side of life,

And stem its tide of sorrow, grief and pain,
Till God, in whom she placed her only trust,
Should in His own good time, remove the cloud
That hung upon her path, and give her strength
To execute her ministry on earth,
She refuge found beneath the roof of those
Whose souls went out in earnest sympathy
For moral virtue yoked with poverty.

Alas! How few can realize the stings
Of fortune, who themselves have never felt
Its chilling tide sweep o'er their daily lives.
Who, sleeping in the lap of luxury,
Have never felt the touch of penury;
Whose ample means, their every want supplied—
No wish withheld—no luxury denied;
Who lived as though 'twere all of life to live,
And died as though 'twere all of death to die;
Whose souls were wrapped within their sordid gains,
Removed afar from crying want without;
Whose visitations never reached the poor;
Whose hearts were never brought in sympathy
With human ills in lower walks of life.
Whose weekly prayers were heard in their behalf,
While yet their grasping hands relief withheld;

And in whose eyes, true merit has no worth,
Unheralded by mammon's welcome voice.
All this, and more, by sad experience taught,
Did Marian know. Her life, so far, bore home
The truth of purity of heart and soul,
Clad in the garb of conscious innocence
Of all offence toward God and man. Inspired
With love and sympathy for humankind,
And, armed with confidence, she bore her cross,
And launched her barque upon the tide of life,
With Faith to guide and Hope to steer her o'er
The sea of earthly strife, and win at last,
Through holy, pious trust in God, a home
Beyond the grave, where kindred spirits dwell
In peace with all the faithful and the just.

HOPE.

There is a Hope that lulls to sleep
  Each loving thought, each anxious care,
And cheers the heart of those who weep,
  And breathes a breath of comfort there.

For every pang there is a thrill
  Of hopeful joy—exultant glee—
A gleam of promise ling'ring still
  To wake the soul to ecstacy.

There is a glad'ning thought that brings
  Relief in every falling tear;
A soul-inspiring Hope that clings
  To sickness, sorrow, grief and fear.

Alternate dreams of weal and woe,
  Upon the fleeting moments fly,
And light and darkness come and go
  Each day in quick succession by.

And good and evil, life and death,
Upon life's checkered stages dance,
And change is borne on every breath
Throughout creation's broad expanse.

Then cast aside the ghostly shroud,
Discard the mantle of despair,
For yet behind the darkest cloud
The noon-day sun is shining there.

When fairer forms, with sweeter breath,
Have bade our sinking spirits rise,
We gaze beyond the shades of death,
And see the sun of glory rise;

And when our steps have reached the goal,
Where ends the tide of earthly strife
'Tis only then another soul
Is born to everlasting life.

And what though boasting man to-day
Is groaning still beneath the curse,
And death and darkness and decay
Are stamped upon the universe;

What though the fleeting moments run,
And, while our hearts are beating high
Life's sands are falling, one by one,
And separation's drawing nigh;

'Tis but the light of early dawn,
Across life's shadow'd pathway cast,
To cheer our restless spirits on
To Immortality at last.

An earnest of the truly fond
And cherished dreams of other years;
A gleam of joyful Hope beyond
The sick'ning vale of human tears.

Then let our souls, to Faith allied,
In Hope's sweet, peaceful bosom rest
Still gazing on the brighter side
To Heavenly mansions of the blest.

PART III.

THE VICTORY.

THE VICTORY.

The days, the months, the years have come and
gone,
And Marian to womanhood has grown,
Matured in strength, experience and years,
And fully entered on her work of love.
She, cradled in the lap of poverty,
Now knows full well the pleading cries of want.
Familiar with the walks of humble life,
Enured to scenes of hardship, toil and care,
Grown strong in soil of bitterness and woe,
And purified through faith and trust in God,
She rose to meet the stern demands of love.
Drained deep herself the bitter cup of grief,
She knows the pain that swells the fount of tears.
Bred in the school of hardship and neglect,
Her patient heart has learned to seek with care
The child who most deserves her helpful aid;
And having passed the valley of despair,
Her eyes are taught to look, through Faith and Hope,
Beyond the low'ring clouds that hover o'er
The rugged path of life, and point to skies,

Whose brightness lifts the burden from the soul,
And adds new strength to Faith and trust in God.
And so she plies her energy and skill,
With all due diligence to consummate
The one absorbing purpose of her life,
And stimulate the Christian soul and heart
To realize the duty God requires
Of each and all His creatures, high and low—
The rich and poor alike—in gilded hall,
Or humble cot;—in fashion's giddy throng—
The child of wealth—the beggar in the street—
The devotee to luxury and ease—
The hardy sons of ceaseless, daily toil,
Humanity in every phase of life,
Cemented in one common brotherhood—
United in one common sympathy;
And in the temple of the heart, erect
Upon the rock of God's eternal Truth,
A structure worthy of a Christian heart,
Devoted to benevolence and love,
And Christian charity toward all mankind.
That those, whom God has blest with ample means,
Might freely supplement their daily prayers
With that wherewith to meet the noble end
For which an All-wise Providence designed

The bounties of His love should be applied.
To lift the standard of true excellence
Above the selfish aims of sordid life,
And measure worth by purity of soul,
And good impulses of a gen'rous heart.
To snatch the orphan from the haunts of vice,
Where wickedness, debauchery and crime,
By slightest touch, pollute the infant soul,
And plant instead the germ of Christian faith,
And sow the seeds of purity and love
In fruitful soil of young and tender hearts.

These pious purposes in view, she sought
With diligence, fidelity and zeal
The paths of all the lower walks of life,
Where abject poverty and want appeal
To Christian hearts for charity and aid,
And where, in helpless innocence reside
The children of misfortune and neglect.
From day to day she more in favor grew
With all on whom her Christian virtues shone.
The widow hailed her as a welcome guest;
The orphan as a kind and loving friend;
The poor and needy blessed her helping hand;
Wher'er she went, by love or mercy sent,

A gleam of sunshine followed in her path;
A voice of welcome burst from grateful hearts,
The doors of wealth were opened at her touch,
Where once she plead, in vain, a beggar child.
With love for all she malice bore to none;
In princely halls—beneath the humble thatch,
Alike at home, she ministered to all,
Who, from her soft, angelic features drank
The inspiration of unselfish love.
And so her soul was happy in the thought,
That other souls drank happiness from hers.
Her welcome cheer gave comfort in distress,
Her friendiy smile a sense of pleasure gave;
With words of hope she smoothed the couch of death;
And, pointing out the way of truth and life,
Her faith in God and all His promises,
Of bliss beyond, triumphant hope inspired.
And thus her pure and spotless life had won
A wealth of love and gen'rous gratitude,
That lay a happy unction to the soul,
That pride and wealth alone can never give.
Beloved, respected and revered by all,
Her purity of Christian virtue shared
The grateful love her gen'rous heart inspired;
An earnest of the fruits she soon should reap,

As the reward of long and patient toil.
She suffered long in poverty and want;
Was kind to all within her humble sphere;
She envied none in high or low estate;
She vaunted not her gen'rous deeds of love,
Nor puffed with vanity or selfish pride;
Behaved with seemly and becoming grace;
Sought not her own e'en in the face of want,
And ne'er provoked to anger or redress.
No evil thought, in action, word or deed;
Rejoiced not in iniquity, but truth;
All things she bore with patient fortitude—
All things believed that strengthened faith in God;
For all things hoped within His promises—
All things endured for sake of righteousnesss;
And thus she lived within the hearts of all,
A kind and faithful friend, admired, adored.
The shadow that so long had borne upon
Her path, was lifted, soon to disappear
Beneath the sun of fortune's brighter skies,
That gilds our hopes, and gives a welcome smile
To messengers of Mercy, Peace and Love.
He who despoiled her of her early home
Had passed away. Upon the bed of death
His childless widow lay. Touched with remorse,
She summoned Marian to her side, and said:

"Marian, I know my days on earth are spent;
The tide of life I feel is ebbing fast;
Already am I summoned to appear
Before the judgment seat, where God will bring
My every work with every secret thing,
In judgment, whether it be good or ill.
But ere I go, my soul cannot resist
The last impulse that duty owes to thee,
Ere yet it be too late—my time is short—
To freely pour the burden of my life
Into thine ears, and thine alone of earth.
Whate'er I may deserve, O spurn me not;
But pity take for one whose days must end
In throes, such as thy soul has never felt,
For such as mine are fraught with wretchedness
Unknown to those who put their trust in God.
Your life, I know, has been a painful one;
Whatever else, remorse has never sat
An incubus upon your pious soul,
To cast you hopeless in the arms of death.
For what I now may have to say to thee,
Reproach me not, but in thy kindness throw
Upon my faults the cloak of charity;
And when my time has passed, remember thou
That, with humility and contrite heart,
I, to my God, through thee, confession made.

"Although, in years, now long gone by, I took
Upon myself the cross of Christ, my life
Was wedded to the world. My heart and soul
Were given to the world's ambitious schemes,
And bowed in adoration at the feet
Of luxury and pride. My doors and heart
Were closed against appeals of Charity,
And barred against the footsteps of the poor;
My ears were deaf to every cry of want;
My eyes were blind to objects of distress;
My prayers for blessings on the human race
Were empty mock'ries in the sight of God;
I gave no alms—gave nothing for relief
Of suffering and want, except so much
As would support my own false place in life,
And vaunt before the world a generous heart.
When oft, in quiet thought, I looked upon
The busy world, and saw its lights and shades—
Its smiles and tears—its wealth and poverty—
The wicked in luxuriance and ease—
The righteous in their wretchedness and woe;
Saw hearts, besmirched with wickedness and crime,
In golden liveries acceptance meet,
And favor gain in halls of social life,
While merit, clad in garb of moral worth,

Was shut without, rejected, spurned, despised,
My faith in Heaven's justice faded out;
My soul was led to doubt the wholesome truth
That God exists; and so I reconciled
My heart to all the pleasures of this world.

"But heavier yet now weighs upon my soul
The cursed wrong I heaped upon yourself;
This spacious home, where now we are, was yours;
But in an evil hour 'twas lost to thee,
But how or why, I care not now to say;
It is enough for me to know and feel
That you were wronged and I have felt the stings
Of guilty conscience pierce my inmost soul;
And now that I am called to give account
For all the suffering and tears I gave
To your young life—your pious mother's age,
My soul must answer for the tears you shed—
For all the agony of soul endured—
For every pang of suffering and need
Entailed by me upon your helpless lives.
And O, that wintry night of years ago!
My soul, with anguish, shudders at the thought,
When, clad in rags, you stood without that door,
Your own by right, and plead in tears for aid,

I steeled my heart against your sad appeal,
And empty turned your faltering steps away,
And barred you out upon the midnight storm.
Yes, turned you from your own paternal home
To wander in the night through wintry blasts,
I knew not where, and little cared to know.
I now must cast this burden from my soul
Ere yet I go to answer for the wrong.
For this and these I called thee to my side;
While yet I can, I now restore to you,
With title deeds this mansion as your home.
'Tis all the reparation I can make;
But not as mine, they are not mine to give,
But thine by right and by inheritance;
Thine by all the sacred laws of man;
Thine by all the just decrees of Heaven.
Accept them now, that this my crowning sin,
May chafe no more my wretched, guilty soul.
Though you have suffered much, your heart is pure;
Your buoyant soul is free from guilty stain;
Through all your life you've been at peace with God;
Your sanguine hopes were cast beyond the grave—
Your treasures stored within the vaults of Heaven.
Whatever grief or sorrow crossed your path—
Whatever suffering your heart endured,

Your tears were not of those that issue from
A broken spirit and a contrite heart.
O, take your own and say that you forgive;
As for the rest, I leave them all with Him,
The righteous Judge in Heaven and on earth,
And so may God have mercy on my soul."

She paused, and Marian gazed upon her face,
And saw the lines of agony that crossed
Her pale, wan features, ever and anon,
In answer to the tortures of the soul,
While struggling for some measure of relief
Against the self-conviction of a life
Away from God, beyond the pale of hope.
At length, with tender voice, she made reply:

"I know not what your course in life has been,
Much less how well the duties you may owe
To God have been performed, nor yet how ill;
E'en did I know, 'tis not for me to judge
For thee the measure of His righteousness
In ministrations of His pard'ning grace,
And operations of His boundless love.
I only know His gracious promises
Extend to all of those who do His will.

The standard of true Christian excellence
Consists in honest effort to perform
The duties He requires according as
He has endowed us with the strength of mind
To comprehend the meaning of His word.
The daily practice of our lives is plain;
Not e'en the simpleton need err therein.
To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,
And also love thy neighbor as thyself—
To help the poor—bind up the broken heart—
Relieve the suffering—the hungry feed—
The naked clothe—and tears of sorrow dry—
Visit the widow and the fatherless
In affliction, and comfort give; and do
To others as you'd have them do to you;
With penitence and deep humility,
Confess to God the error of our lives—
Repose our Faith and trust in Him—fear Him,
And His commandments keep, are duties plain,
And such, if done will meet with their reward,
As He, our God, the righteous Judge, shall give.
We know the penalty of sin is death—
The meed of righteousness, eternal life.
Then why, O why thus doubt that God exists—
Say His eternal truth is but a myth!

All nature shouts with praises to His love,
And yields submission to His guiding hand.
The Psalmist, in his praise has truly said:
The Heav'ns declare the glory of His name—
The firmament displays His handiwork.
Who else, but He, can hold the universe
In one harmonious whole? What other hand
Than His adjust the orbit of the spheres?
Direct the seasons in their annual course,
Their coming—going—and return again?
Throughout creation's broad immensity,
All nature joins in one harmonious voice
To bless His holy name—to chant His praise.
Amidst the golden tapestry of morn,
His light, the sun, the searching eye of Heaven,
Looks from the gorgeous sky and nature smiles;
The buds of early Spring—the flowers in bloom,
Bend to the light of day, and drink the dews
By night distilled in Heaven's pure atmosphere.
From forest depths, from woodland, grove and glen,
At early dawn the warbling songsters greet,
With notes of joy, His coming with the morn.
His image smiles upon the fertile plain—
His glory rests upon the mountain height;
His Providence is strewn on every hand—

Upon the ocean tide—the river's flow—
In babbling brook—in crystal fountains pure;
The sunshine's genial warmth—refreshing dews—
The light of day—the quiet shades of night—
And means of life that spring from honest toil
And thrift, o'er billowing seas of golden grain.
His hand is seen in every flower that blooms—
In every leaf that falls, the air we breathe—
In mountain height, in caverns of the deep—
In hum of city—depths of solitude.
His voice is heard upon the tempest's breath,
And softly borne upon the zephyr's sigh;
Echoes the thunder of the cataract,
And whispers softly in the babbling brook.
His goodness dwells in all created things;
His presence felt in every pious heart;
His love displayed in every Christian soul;
His mercy shown toward all the human race.
Inherent dwells within the finite mind
A thought that points to one who governs all,
And firmly holds the destiny of souls.
The heathen, in his blind idolatry,
His presence feels, while yet he knows Him not,
And prostrate falls in worship at the feet
Of graven images of wood and stone,
In expiation of his conscious guilt.

We feel His presence near, as with His hand
He clothes the world in beauty's richest robes,
Emblazoned on the face of earth and sky,
Marred only by the touch of impious hands,
And selfish lust of frail mortality.
Beauty! Sweet inspiration of the soul—
The child of Heaven! Born of the light that beamed
From God's eternal throne, when first the dawn
Of Heaven broke in majesty sublime
Upon the infant world. Enthroned upon
The universe, the sceptred queen of Heaven,
Her radiance beams upon the heart and soul,
As love, entranced, kneels humbly at her shrine.
With magic touch she tints the blush of morn,
And paints the sunset's golden light
With images no master's hand can trace.
When darkness steals upon a sleeping world,
She revels 'midst the starry hosts above,
And sports upon the moonbeams mystic light.
Shrouded in mists upon the distant hills,
She waves her wand o'er flow'ry fields below,
And rests in dreamy haze 'midst forests green.
All nature revels in her radiant smiles;
The sparkling dew-drop in the morning sun—

The billows sweeping o'er the harvest plain,
Responsive to the touch of summer breeze—
The azure gauze that veils the mountain height,
Or snow-capped peaks that pierce the skies beyond—
The modest lily in the shaded nook—
The bow of Heaven, spanning the sunlit storm,
And promise gives of nature's sweet repose—
Stern Winter's robes—the flush of rosy Spring—
The dreamy light of Summer's sultry sun,
As shadows creep along the woodland stream—
The gorgeous hues that deck all nature's growth,
Intensified by chill of Autumn's breath,
And shim'ring in the light of Heaven's smile,
In all alike are gems of Beauty seen,
As each proclaims her majesty divine,
And vindicates the truth that God exists—
The Architect Supreme of Heaven and earth—
The one Creator of the universe.

"We know that good and evil do exist;
That man with reason is endowed, and thought,
Whereby to judge between the good and ill,
As knowledge may dictate the right or wrong,
And conscience so approve or disapprove;
That two discordant spirits here contend,

Each for dominion o'er the human will,
The one for evil, gratifying lust,
That gives no hope beyond the shades of death,
The other, good, to purify the soul,
And so prepare it for immortal life;
And yet, with all of these, how sad the thought,
That man alone, of all the universe,
Has said within his heart, 'THERE IS NO GOD.'
There is a God! Yes, merciful and just,
Who seeketh not the death of any one,
But rather that all have eternal life.
Although, 'tis true, the sting of death is sin,
Trust in His grace and all may yet be well;
He lends an ear to words of penitence—"

"Alas!" exclaimed the dying penitent,
"Alas! I see, but now too late, too late,
That God is just—is merciful and good;
He lives—He reigns supreme in Heaven and earth;
And had I been as faithful to His name,
As I have been to selfish love and pride,
With all the vagrant follies of this world,
All now with me might have been well. My soul
Could look beyond with hope—my heart with faith,
And each might rest in peace; but all is past:

Estranged from God through all the fleeting years,
I bartered all 'tis worth of life to live
For wealth and pleasure, luxury and ease,
To reap, for my reward, stings of remorse
Thrust in my soul by unrepented sin,
Till now, too late to serve Him as I ought.
Were my career cast in the mould of yours,
This hour would be the triumph of my life,
In which to reap in peace the rich reward
Of all the faithful followers of God.
And now, that some atonement I may make
For past neglect of those who sought my aid,
I have bequeathed to thee my whole estate,
To be applied as best may seem to you,
To such as I so often spurned in life;
The widow in her tears and solitude—
The orphan, in its utter helplessness—
The hungry, poor and needy; yes, 'tis thine;
To thee, 'twill bear its fruits,—to me, too late."

And as she lay, uneasy on her couch,
And wept in all the agonies of grief,
Marian gazed, with eyes bedimmed with tears,
Upon the flick'ring lamp of life, ere yet
It faded out. In its pale light she read

Another hist'ry of a widow's tear;
Not such as that on which her soul had fed,
And inspiration drank of faith and hope,
That gave her strength and Christian fortitude,
And purified her heart for pious work,
But tears of penitence, remorse, despair,
Borne on the fearful mem'ry of the past,
And hopeless fell upon a sterile life,
Like dew-drops shed upon a barren waste.
A tear that gave no life to blasted hope,
No nourishment to withered germs of faith—
No tinted hues to faded flowers of love—
No perfumes on the breeze of twilight eve—
No fragrance on the breath of rosy morn,
But, as the tides that kiss the rocky shore,
Rolled back again upon their ocean home,
The sands have cooled, but fed no germs of life,
Her tears flowed back upon her troubled heart
To swell the burdens of a restless soul,
And leave no comfort in the life to come.
Marian took the nerveless hand that lay
Outstretched upon the silken folds and said:

"Look yet to God; trust in His pard'ning grace;
Whatever wrong to me you may have done,

I freely do forgive, with all my heart,
As for the rest, seek pardon from on High;
God lends an ear to cries of penitence—"

"Enough," exclaimed the dying one, "too late;
Had I not known, and once confessed my God—
Confided in His gracious promises,
And pledged my life to do His Holy Will,
Through faith in Christ, His own beloved Son,
Had I not, with His light before my eyes,
Proved recreant to the sacred vows I took—
Unfaithful to the service I espoused—
Ignored His presence and His promises—
Sought in the world, with all its fleeting joys,
To feed my soul on fruits of selfish love,
And turned away to kneel at pleasure's shrine,
My ignorance might plead in my behalf,
And I look now to Him with Faith and Hope,
That even now, He might perchance forgive,
And take me to His bosom still. But Oh!
I knew my duty and I did it not.
His poor and needy press upon my soul;
I saw them hungry and I fed them not;
And thirsty, yet I gave them naught to drink:
Naked and cold, and yet I clothed them not;

Sick and distressed, yet came not unto them.
For these alone, you know the curse that rests
Upon my soul; it cannot be reversed—
The day has passed—the sun of life has set—
The night has come, no work can now be done—
Too late, too late!—the silver cord is loosed—
The golden opportunity has passed;
Already death stands waiting at my side
As if impatient to remove me hence;
E'en now I feel his breath upon my brow—
His icy touch upon my feeble heart;
The world grows dark—my sight obscure and dim,
And spirit forms, upon the Stygian shore,
Await my soul to bear it safely o'er
To regions of the dead; no light beyond—
No angel voices fall upon my ear,
As o'er my soul the dusky shadows creep,
As if to add their poignancy to death;
No rod and staff to comfort me; No hand
Outstretched to welcome me to peace and rest;
No voice proclaims for me, 'Well done thou good
And faithful servant, enter thou into
The blessings of thy Lord.' Ah no! For me
The day has passed—the night is here—too late."

The sentence died upon her lips; her eyes
Assumed the glare of death; her features pale,
Bore all the agonies of mental pain
That deep remorse of conscience could inflict.
Yet Marian watched, with deep solicitude,
The ebbing tide that scarce gave signs of life,
Save in a whisper low and faint, "too late,"
With which her wretched soul passed out to that
Mysterious bourne from whence no one returns.

Marian knelt beside the couch of death,
And there, in deep humility, she sought,
In silent prayer, communion with her God
On her behalf, whose restless, tortured soul
Had wandered forth, in agony and dread,
To reap its own reward of weal or woe,
As God, in Love and Mercy might bestow.
This done, she gently closed the sightless eyes,
And went about the task the living owe
As tribute to the mem'ry of the dead;
And so for this she summoned to her aid
A chosen few, selections near at hand,
But not of those with whom she spent her life,
And shared with her the pleasures of the world,
And lured her from her fealty to God;

But those who sympathized with human ills,
And cast upon the frailties of our lives
The ample cloak of Christian Charity,
And cherish all our virtues, great and small.
Yet, mockery and pride, in gorgeous show,
Joined in the fun'ral train, and tribute paid
To wealth alone, ignoring moral worth;
And so the pageant passed and gave to earth
Its own, and left the spirit wandering on
Amidst the shades of death, we know not where.

As Marian homeward bent her weary steps,
Sad thoughts came crowding fast upon her mind,
As now she looked upon the busy world,
And meditated thus within her heart:

"Adown the lower walks of humble life
I long have traced the wretched soul of grief;
My ears have grown accustomed to its sighs—
My eyes familiar with its flow of tears;
I've heard the orphan's cry upon the street—
Have seen the ghost of beggary and want
Stalk, in its wretchedness and misery, forth,
And plead in vain for means wherewith to live,
Yet these are but the fruits that daily spring

From souls, such as the one now passed away.
Here wealth was not exempt from agonies,
Exceeding far the stings of poverty;
Yes, tortures borne upon the souls of those,
Whose closet holds a skeleton within,
To mock them in the agonies of death,
And, with the sting of fiery dragons, lay
Its bony hand upon the guilty heart—
Shut out God's love beyond the pale of hope,
And add remorse to hopeless penitence.
From hungry souls withhold the bread of life—
Expose them, naked to the eye of Heaven—
Present them baggars at the throne of grace,
Where thirsty souls would seek in vain to drink
One draught from rivers of eternal life;
And so 'tis beggary at last—the one
To end in death, the other, there begin.
This should not be; our Christian duty lies
In minist'ring alike to all mankind;
To raise the standard of true excellence
Above the morbid selfishness that holds
The lower orders of humanity
In servile weakness, subject to its will,
Without the means or power to rise above
The stagnant pool, whose fetid breath exhales

A poisoned atmosphere to moral life.
Enough of Christian virtue still remains
Within the hearts of those whom God has blessed
With ample means to lend a cheerful aid
To helping those who cannot help themselves,
To rise above the stagnant pool of life
To stations worthy of the name of man.
These Christian virtues may be utilized,
By pointing out the duty God requires
Of those who plenty have, and yet to spare,
In succoring the needy and the poor.
One tithe of wealth, now daily thrown away
To gratify the senses, stimulate
The whims of fashion, luxury and pride,
Would amply serve the purposes desired.
And now, that I am placed above the sphere
Of want, with mine restored to me again,
And having pledged my life, my all to God,
In consummation of His glorious work,
My path is clear—my duty plain—God's work
Must now be promptly done while yet 'tis day,
Lest night should come, and then 'twill be '*too late!*'
"*Too late!* O fearful words of meaning deep!
They fall upon the bosom of despair
With pressing weight, no effort can remove.

Echoed far back upon the life that was,
A mournful message from the life that is.
Laden with tears of helpless penitence,
They paint upon the canvas of our lives
A picture, shaded with our saddest thoughts,
Of what we are, and what we might have been.
The language of remorse and vain regret,
They point to golden opportunities
Neglected or despised;—to virtuous deeds
Of Christian piety and love, absorbed
In human weakness, selfishness and pride;
To duty sacrificed to worldly lust,
And useful life to luxury and ease.
In grief, despair shuts out the light of hope;
The tree from which we might have gathered fruit,
Moss-grown and barren, flings its naked limbs
Across our path, as whispers of reproach
Sigh through its leafless boughs the words, '*too late!*'"

So Marian thought, and with her strength renewed,
At once with firm resolve she now applied
With zeal and fortitude her energies
To reach the cherished object of her life.
The spacious home to which she was restored,

And liberal bequest at her command,
Her purpose answered quite to reach the end
Her heart had most desired,—*an Orphans' Home.*
To all she made her pious purpose known;
The stores of wealth responded to her call,
And gave, with gen'rous hand, all needful aid,
And for all future need the Home endowed.
In this, the crowning effort of her life
Was gained. The poor and humble cot near by,
In which she spent her years of helplessness,
Was fitted out in neat and comely style,
And, faithful to the promise that she gave
To Ellen Gray, her loved and cherished friend,
She to her mother gave the cottage home,
Where she, secure from every care and want,
Looked calmly down upon life's sunset glow,
Content to go whenever God should call,
To meet again the loved one she had lost.

And so the years rolled on, and Marian saw
The fruits that grew and ripened 'neath the sun
Of Heaven's smile, in honest souls redeemed
From loathsome haunts of beggary and vice;
And principles of moral virtue shed
Abroad in youthful hearts, whose infant souls

Were safely housed within the fold of God.
The helpless and the poor alike received
The comfort and relief that Charity
Bestows. No sick to languish in neglect—
No beggar child to plead for daily bread—
No homeless waif to wander on the street—
No hungry souls to feed upon remorse.
To all alike she gave a helping hand.
To halls of wealth she came when duty called,
And words of Christian consolation gave.
A gleam of sunshine beamed upon her path,
And sorrow fled the presence of her love.
With innocence the Orphans' Home was blest,
And faces bright, with cheerful countenance,
That beamed with happy smiles from merry hearts,
That spake of lives removed from every want,
And souls that trusted in the love of Heaven.
When from the house of God each Sabbath day,
The bells rang out upon the morning air,
In silver tones their chimes of melody,
That summoned pious souls to praise and prayer,
The little ones, in long procession passed,
By Marian led, to worship at the feet
Of Him, the father of the fatherless,
And feed their infant souls upon His Word,

And drink the inspiration of His Love.
And thus it was the young and tender heart
Was trained in virtuous paths of innocence,
To rise above the humid atmosphere
Of immorality and vice. Young hope
Springs into life as earnest effort feeds
Ambition with the stimulant of love;
And moral virtue guides their infant steps
In all the ways of pleasantness and peace.
And thus, what was to baser passions lost,
To moral phase of social life was gained;
And those who gave from bounty's ample store
This end to reach, looked on with joyful hearts,
And truly felt that God had blest the deed,
In that the seed was cast in fertile soil,
And sprang to life to yield an hundred fold.
No thorns sprang up to choke the sprouting germ;
No scorching sun to blight its early growth
Amidst the stones of beggary and want,
That lie upon the desert waste of life;
No tares of vice by wicked hands are sown
That immorality usurp the growth
Of Christian purity and pious love;
But, guarded by the faithful hand of her,
Whose eye, by long and sad experience taught,

Detected vice in all its sinuous forms,
Her harvest grew, and ripened here beneath
The genial rays of God's redeeming love,
That He might reap abundant of its fruits;
And so, by kind and generous hands, was reared
Upon the rock of God's eternal Truth,
A monument that reaches far above
The granite piles to earthly honors reared.
Reaching beyond the portals of the skies,
With ascent leading to the throne of God,
Faith, Hope and Charity unite to guide
Each soul aright. And so, with patient toil
Did Marian press, with energy and zeal,
The aspiration of her life, and rear
A monument to WOMAN'S WORK AND LOVE.

Yes, Woman's work and Love! How vast the scope!
How broad the theme—how wide the range of view,
Outlined upon the field of time and thought.
Endowed with gifts of moral sense refined,
When once her gorgeous robes she casts aside,
Her soul relieved from selfish aims in life—
From ostentation, vanity and pride,
And once the fountains of her soul are stirred

With love and sympathy for human-kind,
And, by demands of Christian duty moved
To noble deeds of sacrifice and love,
Her life has shown her equal to the task.
Her gentle hand its pious work performs;
Her heart pours forth its streams of fervent love;
Her smile lights up, with cheer, the quiet home,
And stimulates the brooding heart of care.
Her voice finds access to attentive ears—
Her song an echo in the heart of love;
Her lullaby, breathed from the soul of care,
Soothes drowsy infancy to quiet sleep;
Her presence lights the sacred hearth of home
With fires that cast upon the careworn heart
The warmth of peace, contentment and repose;
And over all, her Christian heart breathes forth
The simple, pious prayer, "God bless our Home."

Man pioneers the wilderness of life—
Its danger braves—its ceaseless toil endures,
And breasts the storm of busy, active life;
She follows close upon his weary steps,
And in the garden of the heart she plants
The ever-blooming flowers of her love;
Sows seeds of kindness in the sterile soil

Of poverty and want and blends her tears
Of sympathy with those of sorrow shed.
Her mission is a ministry of love—
The high and holy attribute of God,
For God is love, personified on earth
In her whose life is one of sacrifice,
And self-denial, sympathy and love.
'Tis she who looks upon the infant face,
And first provokes a feeble smile; 'Tis she
Who feeds the infant soul with draughts of love,
Drawn from the purest fountains of the heart;
'Tis she who teaches first its infant steps—
Its lisping tongue to speak its earliest words—
To breathe at eventide its simple prayer—
Its tender mind instruct in pious deeds,
And lessons of morality and love.
In virtue's mould she shapes its future life,
And stamps her impress on its heart and soul.
She demonstrates, through patient fortitude,
Privation, suffering and ceaseless toil,
The majesty divine of woman's love.
To Christ on earth, she ministrations gave;
Her eyes beheld His death on Calvary;
Was first to reach, on resurrection morn,
The sepulchre in which her Lord was lain;

And first in haste, with fear and joy proclaimed
The risen Lord, and hearkened to His voice;
And thus, her sphere, exalted far above
The highest point to which ambitious man
Can e'er attain, is lowered when she stoops
To mingle with the gross affairs of life,
And gratify ambitious, selfish ends,
Where pious motives have no part or lot,
The moral atmosphere to purify.

And so, within the sphere that God assigned
For woman's work of piety and love
Did Marian give her life to Him who gave
His life for her that she might live; and true
To those assurances her soul received
In Heav'nly dreams, Faith, Hope and Charity,
With Love divine, combined in her to rear
This monument to woman's work and love,
And bear, upon their wings, her spirit home,
To meet again the welcome smile of Heav'n;
And, with her well-earned honors, sweetly rest
In peace, with all the faithful and the just,
Upon the loving bosom of her God.

The fleeting years rolled on, till Marian
Was summoned hence to meet her just reward.
Her faithful ministers of Charity,
With pride, beheld the legacy she gave
The world, her work of life-long sacrifice,
With which to purify the atmosphere
Of humble life, relieve the pangs of want,
And lift the standard of true excellence
Above the aims of sordid, selfish life.
The tree she planted in her childhood's years,
And nourished in the garden of the heart,
Still flourished 'neath the kind and tender care
Of those to whom 'twas left in sacred trust,
And bore its rarest fruits. The childish heart
Of helpless innocence sports in its shades,
And laughs beneath the light of Heaven's smile;
And with the breath of each returning Spring,
When Nature blooms in all her loveliness,
The little ones their annual tribute pay
To her who gave her life to such as they;
And, bending o'er the narrow, grassy mound,
Give thanks to God in pious praise and prayer,
As, with the hand of gratitude, they strew
Fresh flowers o'er the grave of MARIAN.

CHARITY.

Of all the rare virtues that bloom in the heart,
The kindest, the purest, the greatest and best
Are those which in common their blessings impart
To lessen the load in humanity's breast.

So Charity, born of the spirit that dwells
In the bosom of God, unselfish and kind,
With patient forbearance, all virtues excels
In Christian devotion and Mercy refined.

She thrives in the soil of true patience and Love,
She gathers fresh courage in agony's tears,
And looks for approval and sanction above
Through Christ in the day when His coming
appears.

She comes as a sunbeam of Heavenly light
To visit the home of misfortune and care,
Dispersing the shadows and mists of the night,
To leave her sweet comfort and sympathy there.

Wherever the footsteps of Mercy have trod,
Wherever the light of the gospel has shone,
She comes, as the minist'ring angel of God,
To nourish the seeds that her kindness has sown.

Her mission is boundless—no limits define
The field of her labors, at home or abroad;
Wherever the sun of His glory may shine
Her presence is felt in the service of God.

The poor humble cottage, where poverty pleads—
The bed of affliction, of sorrow and death—
The home of misfortune where beggary feeds
On sighs that are borne upon agony's breath;

Wherever the promptings of duty demand
Relief for the helpless and poor in distress,
Her arm is outstretched with an opening hand,
In generous kindness to comfort and bless.

And patient, forbearing, enduring and kind,
And living for others, nor claiming her own,
To foibles and faults of humanity blind,
She hides them to cherish its virtues alone.

Why should we not labor to merit her name,
And walk in her pathway of piety, while
Love, purity, virtue and modesty claim
To bask in the light of her comforting smile?

The soul that erects o'er the fountain of tears
God's beautiful structure, that reaches above
The whirlwinds of passion, a monument rears
To Charity's name in the temple of Love.

Whatever we merit, whatever we praise,
Whatever the heart, in its fullness professed,
And all that we give, are but empty displays
If not in the spirit of Charity blest.

With Faith then to nourish the seed she has sown,
With Hope that they'll ripen in fullness of years,
Sweet Charity gathers the fruits she has grown
In the soil of her Love and the damp of her tears.

L'ENVOI.

Rest thou in peace ; Thy task of life is done—
Thy vows performed—thy consecrated life
Has borne its fruit 'midst agony and strife—
Thy struggle 's o'er—thy well-earned vict'ry won.
Thy work complete—thy race with patience run.
Thy soul inspired with holy zeal to bear
The cross of Him, the meek and lowly one,
And in the cause of human suff'ring share
The burthen of life's sorrows, grief and tears,
Faith, Hope and Charity, in one, combine
To bear thee o'er the restless tide of years,
And crown thee victor at the Holy shrine
Of God, and in thy pious efforts prove
The power Divine of WOMAN'S WORK AND LOVE.

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